GEN. GRANT AND HIS FAMILY

BIOGRAPHICAL CHAPTERS OF INTEREST TO EVERY AMERICAN.

THE GREAT COMMANDER'S EARLY YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND DISCOURAGEMENT—THE CAREERS OF HIS SONS AND DAUGHTER AND THEIR FAMILIES.

All accounts as to General Grant agree on the subject of his home life and there can be no doubt that it was a happy one, from "Hardscrabble," the farmhouse built near St. Louis in 1855, when he was a captain in the Army, to the White House. Even in the shadow of death at Mount McGregor there was a home spirit and an atmosphere of domestic happiness that sometimes hid the sorrow of those who waited there for the end.

Mrs. Grant was always a firm believer in her husband's greatness and predicted much for him before he had attracted public attention. She was to his new home, and what had been "hardscrabble" on the little farm and in St. Louis was "hardscrabble" still. He could not meet expenses. Twice his salary was increased, yet he could not afford to keep any help, and his wife was maid of all work and nurse and teacher of her children as well.

Then came the war and the sudden rise of fortune.

Frederick D. Grant, eldest son of General Grant, was born in St. Louis, Mo., on May 30, 1850. The first two years of his life were spent at the Army garrisons at Detroit, Mich., and Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., and when his father went to California he returned with his mother to St. Louis. He remained in Missouri attending the public school until the family moved to Galena in April, 1860. There he became a pupil in the public school until the fall of 1861, when he joined his father at Cairo, Ill. From this on to the end of the war he was with his father, General Grant, at various times, at Fort Henry, at Corinth, in the Vicksburg campaign, at Nashville, and at City Point, in front of Petersburg. He took part in the Vicksburg campaign, where he lost his health, after which he returned to the North, but rejoined his father at Nashville, Tenn., in February, 1864, just before General Grant was made lieutenant-general and assumed command of all the armies. He accompanied his father to Washington, and was with him when he received his commission as lieutenant-general from President Lincoln.

After the Civil War young Grant attended school at Burlington, N. J., until he entered the West Point Academy, where he was graduated in 1871. During his furlough, after finishing his studies at the Military Academy, he accepted a place as assistant engineer with the Union Pacific Railroad, and was employed on a branch of that line in the Clear Creek Cañon, where he took part in the various surveys for the Colorado Central Railroad.

In November, 1872, he went as aid with General Sherman to Europe, and was with the General during all of that journey until the party reached St. Petersburg. Leaving General Sherman there he went through Finland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, rejoining General Sherman at Berlin. On his return home in July, 1873, young Grant joined his regiment in Texas, where he commanded the escort making a preliminary survey for the Texas Pacific Railroad, and in March, 1873, was assigned to serve on the staff of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan as an aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. As a member of General Sheridan's staff he took part in active campaigns on the frontier, especially those in the Northwest against the Indians.

On October 20, 1874, he married Miss Ida Marie Honoré, a daughter of H. H. Honoré, of Chicago, born in Missouri, where her father, Judge Dent, occupied a prominent position. Her brother was a classmate of young Grant at West Point and Miss Julia became acquainted with her future husband through him. There was a long period between their engagement and marriage and it was hoped by Judge Dent's family that the match might be broken, but when young Grant saved the life of his classmate Dent in Mexico the parents relented—"and so they were married."

This was in 1848. The young couple went first to Sackett's Harbor and then to Detroit. In her biography of Mrs. Grant Laura Carter Holloway says:

During their residence in Detroit Mrs. Grant made a visit to her parents, in St. Louis, and during her stay their first son, now Lieutenant Colonel Frederick D. Grant, was born. Two years later, and while the father was on the Pacific Coast, Ulysses, the second son, was born at the residence of his paternal grandfather, in Bethel, Ohio. The other children born of this union are Nellie, the only daughter, and Jesse, the former in August, 1855, the latter in 1858. Both of these were born at their grandfather Dent's country home, near St. Louis, the birthplace of their mother.

After Captain Grant's resignation in 1854 he returned to Missouri, poor and disheartened and with no prospects before him. His father-in-law, to assist him, gave his wife a farm of sixty acres, and here for several years he fought poverty with his plough and axe—poor weapons, indeed, for one born to wield the sword and educated in a military school. Of course, he failed, and leaving "Hardscrabble," the title which he had himself given to the scene of such hard and unrequited labors, he entered the real estate office of a cousin of his wife in St. Louis.

He began his career as agent without a hope of success, and but for his family would doubtless have thrown up the position in despair. Nothing sustained him in all these years of bitter adversity and uncongenial surroundings but the hopefulness of his wife and the unaffected and unchanging faith she had in him. It nerved him to renewed effort and animated him with fresh zeal every time that he faltered in his rough pathway. Her affection was appreciated by him in return, and his tenderness and fidelity were such that to them poverty was less terrible to bear than it was to their friends to witness.

But there were four little mouths to feed, and their father felt that yet greater effort must be made for them. His wife did all the work of their home, and yet with the most frugal care he could not meet his expenses.

His father owned a valuable business at Galena, where two younger brothers were making money, and into this establishment went the unfortunate ex-Captain on a salary of $700 a year. Moving his little family to Galena in 1860 he commenced work in the tannery that has since been made famous by his association with it. Poverty went with him

The children of this marriage are two, Julia Grant, born on June 7, 1876, in the White House at Washington, and Ulysses S. Grant, born on July 4, 1881, in Chicago.

In January, 1879, Frederick joined his father in Paris, and accompanied him on his trip around the world, visiting Egypt, India, Burmah, the Straits Settlements, Siam, Cochin China, China and Japan, in all of which countries General Grant was received with royal and unprecedented honors.

Colonel Grant resigned his commission in the Army in 1881, went to New-York and entered into several business enterprises. In 1884-'85 he was with his father, and aided in the preparation of the "Personal Memoirs," rendering all the assistance he could. In 1887 he was nominated by the Republican party of New-York for the position of Secretary of State, but was defeated by a plurality of about 17,000 votes.

President Harrison appointed Colonel Grant United States Minister to Austria, and during his residence at Vienna he and his family became great favorites in that capital. He prevailed upon the Austrian-Hungarian Governments to admit American pork to their market, to rescind their ordinance against the American vine, and to permit the establishment of a branch of a large American insurance company in their territory. During his tenure of this office as Envoy to Austria, Colonel Grant had to deal with the questions which constantly arose because of the military laws of Austria-Hungary. Under these laws the Austrians were arresting naturalized Americans who had not performed their military duty in Austria before leaving their own country, which was contrary to the treaty of 1871. All of Colonel Grant's arguments upon these cases resulted favorably to the Americans, and at the same time were not offensive to the Austrians. When Cleveland was elected President, Colonel Grant sent in his resignation as United States Minister to Austria immediately, although he was informed that if he desired to remain at that post he might do so. He returned to America with his family in July, 1893, and established himself in New-York as his permanent home. In May, 1895, he was appointed Police Commissioner, which place he still holds.

Mrs. Frederick D. Grant—Ida Marie Honoré—was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1854. Her parents removed to Chicago a year later, and there she attended school until she was fourteen years old, when she went to the Convent of the Visitation at Georgetown, D. C.

She was married in the Honoré mansion, which was one of the most imposing homes in Chicago at that time. The three winters following her marriage she spent at the White House, where she was a great favorite not only with General Grant but with all with whom she was thrown in contact. During her residence in Vienna Mrs. Grant made many friends, and was as popular there as in Washington. Mrs. Grant is a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago.

Ulysses S. Grant, jr., was born in Bethel, Ohio, on July 22, 1852. He was graduated from Harvard in 1874, and from the Columbia Law School in 1878. He was in the law office of Alexander & Green for a year, and then was secretary to President Grant for a year. He was an Assistant United States District-Attorney in 1878 and 1879. Later he was a partner in the firm of Davies & Work until 1884, and he also was a member of the firm of Grant & Ward. He was a delegate-at-large from California to the St. Louis Convention that nominated McKinley and Hobart. His legal residence is in San Diego, and he has a farm in Westchester County, New-York.

In 1880 Ulysses S. Grant, jr., was married to the daughter of Senator Chaffee. She was born in Adrian, Mich., on January 16, 1857. The children of the union are Miriam, born in 1881; Chaffee, born in 1883; Julia Dent, born in 1885; Fanny, born in 1889, and Ulysses S. Grant, fourth, born in 1893.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, the third child of General Grant, was born near St. Louis on July 4, 1855. She was married to Mr. Sartoris in 1874, and lived with him in England several years. Her home is now with her mother, in Washington, D. C. The first child of Mrs. Sartoris, christened Grant, died in infancy. Her second child is Algernon Sartoris, now twenty years old and a law student in Washington. Vivian Sartoris, born in 1879, lives with her mother and is in Washington society. Rose Mary Sartoris, born in 1880, is a schoolgirl at Georgetown.

Jesse Root Grant, the fourth child of General Grant, was born near St. Louis in February, 1858. He attended school in Washington when his father was President, and he entered Cornell University as a member of the class of '77. He left the university near the close of his junior year and travelled with his father in Europe. Later he entered business with his brothers in this city. He is now engaged in mining in Arizona. In 1880 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Chapman, of California, and they have two children—Nellie, born in 1883, and Chapman, born in 1886.

Julia Grant, daughter of Colonel Frederick D. Grant, was born in the White House on January 7, 1876. She was educated at home, and entered society when her father was Minister to Austria. Her knowledge of languages and her artistic inclinations made her a great favorite at the Austrian Court, and since the return of the family to New-York she has been equally popular in New-York society.

Ulysses S. Grant, 3d, is the son of Colonel Frederick D. Grant, and was born in Chicago on July 4, 1881. He was educated at a school in Vienna and later in a private school in New-York. His proficiency as a student has been commended by his teachers. He is a tall and well-built youth. He has pursued his studies with the expectation of entering the Military Academy at West Point, and he bears a letter written by his grandfather, asking the President of the United States to appoint him a cadet when he is old enough to enter the institution. President McKinley has promised to make the appointment for 1899.

U. S. GRANT, JR.

MRS. U. S. GRANT.

MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS.

MISS VIVIAN SARTORIS.

ROSE MARY SARTORIS,
(Photographed by Davis & Sanford.)

A PETITION TO GRANT.

THE GREAT GENERAL'S LOYALTY TO OLD FRIENDS PUT TO A TEST.

HOW A DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THEM GOT HER BROTHER APPOINTED TO THE ARMY.

Many people will be able to speak of General Grant as soldier and statesman, and as women must be silent on these subjects I want to add to all that will be said of him, as a woman who benefited by it, a loving testimony to his wonderful loyalty to old friends as well as to country.

In the fall of 1875 I went to Washington for the purpose of trying to get an appointment in the Army for my only brother, a youth of twenty-one, then a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office under General Townsend. I was the wife of an army officer, without political influence of any kind. My only capital was that my father, a line officer who had died twenty years before, had been a friend of the General long before the war, and I was going, without hesitation and in spite of much discouragement from friends in and out of the army, to ask this gift of my father's old comrade. In him I had the most absolute faith; I was sure that he could give me the appointment and equally sure that he would do so.

When I got to Washington I found that the unusually warm weather had kept the President and his family longer than had been expected at Long Branch, so I lingered on with my brother, waiting for their return, and falling more and more in love with the most beautiful city—even then—in America. While I was waiting I saw many of my father's old friends, and all of them, while kindly sympathizing with my desire to see my brother in his father's profession, warned me against hope, saying that in the condition of the Army the thing was impossible.

As the time drew near for me to put my fate to the touch my courage was somewhat shaken. I had learned that my "General Grant" was now a more alarming person, "the President of the United States," but still I was determined to persevere in my task.

It was on a never-to-be-forgotten day in late October that the papers announced the return of the President and family to the White House, and on the next I took my fleeting courage in both hands and went to make my petition. So shaky had I grown that I went to the office of Secretary "Zach" Chandler, an old friend of ours, and asked him to go with me, but he refused to be my escort.

"If there is any hope for you it is in 'going it alone,'" he told me; "there isn't any hope, I'm afraid, but you can try it."

Any one who has ever besieged the gates of our monarch's palace with a petition in hand knows the feeling of that waiting room, so full of heart-sick and anxious applicants. I do not want ever to go there again! I sent my card from the door with my married name, and wrote over it in pencil, "Will General Grant see —— ——'s daughter for a moment?" and was then sent upstairs to await an answer. Almost immediately, before I had a chance to realize how frightened I was, the messenger came into the room with my card in his hand. Though it was the first day of audience and early in the day, there must have been at least twenty people in advance of me, all waiting. The man looked about the room, spoke to a lady near the door, then to another, and then came across to me. "Is this your card?" he asked, holding it out.

"Yes," I answered, wondering if I were to be dismissed all unheard.

"The President is busy now with two Senators, and he told me to tell you that he would see you as soon as they left him."

"Thank you," I murmured, turning to the window, embarrassed by the curious glances of the people thus set aside for me, who had some of them heard my message, and who all appeared interested in my business.

I do not suppose that I waited for more than five minutes, though it then seemed to be about five hours, before two dignified-looking men passed through the room and the messenger immediately came and beckoned to me. As I passed out I heard several discontented murmurs from the disappointed ones to whom I had been preferred. Had they known how I was trembling inwardly and wishing myself anywhere else, they would have felt sympathy instead of envy for me.

In another moment I found myself in the famous room, the room sacred to the memory of many great men—now, alas, to that of my dear General also—and saw the President sitting alone at the head of the historic table. I had been warned not to forget that he was "Mr. President," but I did. I had not seen him since I was a girl of eighteen, and then but for a single day and as one of many, but he had known me as a baby, and when he rose and took my hand he called me by my given name.

"Sit down," he said, "do you want me to do anything for you?"

"Yes, General," I said, gaining courage as I looked into his face, "I want you to appoint my brother in the Army." I stopped a moment, but he did not speak, and I went on. "They all told me that it was no use to come to you, but I was sure that when you heard all"—I stopped again.

"Go on," he said, "tell me the whole story."

So I began at the beginning, told him of my young brother's hard life of self-support and devotion to our mother, lately dead; how he could have had what we most wished for, an appointment to West Point, had he been willing to desert her at the time it was offered to him, a time when she was in ill-health and utterly dependent upon him; how he had been page in the House when but a child, and ever since a clerk; how unwilling I was to have him content himself with that life and get into a groove from which he could never be removed; how my whole heart and ambition were set on his getting into the Army. I told him that I had been discouraged on every side, and warned by all that it was useless to trouble him with the affair, but that I had come to Washington, trusting to his friendship for my dead father, his old companion-at-arms, and ending rather childishly, I fear, with: "Please, General, give him the appointment, won't you?"

"Yes," he said, in his slow, calm voice.

I fairly gasped. I had so dreaded my interview, and now my suspense was at an end. The thing was done. I was not very old, the thing that I had asked for was the thing in the world nearest my heart. I tried to speak, to thank him, but found that I could say nothing. I stammered "Papa," and then put my head down on the table in front of me. I think, though, that my General knew what I would have said. He waited until my voice and self-control came back, then he said:

"Do you think that —— could pass his entrance examination without preparation?"

"I hardly think so, General. He has had no time for school since he was ten years old, though he has kept up his reading always."

"Where is your husband stationed now?"

I told him.

"Can —— get a good tutor there?"

I was sure that he could, from a neighboring university, but I was afraid that he could not get leave of absence from the office.

"I will attend to that. Isn't he in General Townsend's office? Very well, go yourself to the General this afternoon, and tell him that I wish him to give —— two months' leave, with pay. Let him go back with you and prepare with a tutor. Come here December 1, when Congress assembles, with ——'s application for an appointment in the Army. Ask one of your father's friends—General Townsend will be the best person, he was a classmate—to present it to me. I will order a Board at once for his examination, and he can then come on and appear before it. If he passes—I don't think there will be any doubt of his doing so—I will appoint him and send his nomination to the Senate. Will that be satisfactory?" he added with his grave smile, as we rose together, I smothering a strong desire to kneel and kiss the hand he held out.

Then he asked several questions about my home and children and I walked away on air.

The programme he had taken time from all his weighty concerns to formulate and lay down for me was carried out to the letter. When I went, an hour later, to General Townsend, he assured me that the thing was impossible, that there were not vacancies enough in the Army for the class which would be graduated from West Point the coming summer, that several Senators had been vainly raising heaven and earth for what I had gained—that there must be some mistake. I had surely misunderstood the President. From other quarters I heard the same thing, but I met all incredulity with the same unvarying words:

"General Grant said so?" and as he had said, so it was.

My brother appeared before the Board especially ordered in December, and was confirmed by the Senate on the second day of February. Before many months he had a chance to win his spurs as befitted his father's son, fighting Indians on the frontier.

His gallant career was a brief one, but he lived long enough to be very happy in his new life, and to shed tears that had no unmanliness in them for our greatest soldier. There were for General Grant, in all this broad land, no more sincere mourners than the children and grandchildren of the dead comrade to whose memory he had been so supremely loyal.

K. W. M.

AN INDEX OF THE RUDDER.

From The Baltimore American.

G. E. Painter, a young electrician of Baltimore, has obtained a patent upon an invention of a helm indicator, which can be adapted to all crafts which use a rudder and will be the means, the inventor claims, of always keeping the ship out of danger. Under the present arrangement of the steering gear it is sometimes impossible for the captain or pilot to determine the exact position of his rudder without the trouble of an investigation, which is sometimes very difficult to make. The rudder is apt to vary from the course intended for it to guide the ship without the knowledge of the man at the helm. That has often been the cause of vessels running on to shoals, against rocks and other of the many obstructions of the deep. Mr. Painter's device indicates on a dial in front of the man at the helm every move the rudder makes, and shows exactly how far it has gone one way or the other out of the desired course. It works by electricity, the transmitter being placed at the rudder and connected by wire with the dial in the pilot-house. That is also arranged so as to be illuminated. The appliances are placed in water-tight cases, the works being inside to prevent salt air from rusting the delicate machinery. Mr. Painter has also devised an improved electrical signalling instrument between the pilot-house and engine-room.

TOXINS AND ANTITOXINS.

From Nature.

The opinion that distinct toxins require distinct antitoxins would appear to require some modification. Dr. Calmette has shown that anti-snake-venomous serum protects against scorpion poison; Roux and Calmette have shown that rabbits vaccinated against rabies acquire remarkable powers of resisting the action of cobra venom. Again, animals vaccinated against tetanus and anthrax respectively not only elaborate anti-tetanic and anti-anthrax serum, but such serums have also been found to be in some cases capable of counteracting the effects of cobra venom. Calmette has also shown that anti-diphtheria, anti-tetanus, anti-anthrax and anti-cholera serums possess decided immunizing powers with regard to the vegetable toxin of abrine. Dr. Memmo, working in the Hygienic Institute of the University of Rome, has observed that a distinct, although slight, curative action is produced by anti-diphtheria serum in cases of tetanus.

Some extremely interesting investigations by Dr. Marriotti-Bianchi, dealing with the action of normal serums from various sources on different bacterial toxins, also tend to confirm the above observations. Bianchi has also been able to reproduce all the phenomena claimed by Pfeiffer to be specific in respect to the behavior of cholera vibrios in anti-cholera serum, by placing these vibrios in normal serum derived from dogs and cats respectively. It would appear that not only may various antitoxins modify one and the same toxin, but normal serums may also produce in some cases protection against toxins. This latter point has been specially dwelt upon by Bianchi in his memoir.